4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

hear him. He offers her sweets which have been left there purposely, but still she heeds him not. This comedy may, if the bridegroom be timid and the bride reserved, be prolonged until the third evening after the marriage, in which case the courage and virtue of the bride are extolled by the women in song. On the third evening, however, custom requires the bride to respond to her husband's advances. On the three days following the wedding the bride, dressed as before, stands like a statue in the reception-room to receive the women visitors who flock to the house in order to inspect her.

The ceremonies attending the nuptials of the mountain people are almost precisely similar to those customary in the towns, with the exception that the bride is not veiled when conducted to her husband's home. A romantic reserve, however, surrounds the interviews between the young couple, who, especially if the husband be one of a numerous family and have no private apartments, can only meet in secret until they have children of their own. The mountaineers cherish this custom, which, they contend, by surrounding with a halo of romance and mystery the relations of the young couple, tends to keep their love for each other fresh and warm. The wedding processions of the Moslems and Christians are only to be distinguished by the more picturesque effect of those of the former. Many of the company, dressed in rich apparel glittering with gold embroidery, accompany the bride on horseback, indulging as they go, whenever they arrive at a spot sufficiently spacious, in the manly old Osmanli game of throwing the *djerid*, or spear. Pistols

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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538 776 which, by Easter Eve, have become very thin. On the morning of Easter Sunday, however, the Saviour arrives with a new chain with which He again secures Satan to the rock.

A graceful little myth is related in some parts of Albania concerning the origin of the Cuckoo and the *Gyon*, or *Gyonit*, which is, I believe, a species of small 539 owl. The story goes that the cuckoo and the gyon were brother and sister, and had a brother named Gyon, who had been killed. Various causes are assigned for his death in the different versions of the story, that current among the Ritza tribe being that he was accidentally stabbed by his brother with a pair of scissors. In order the better to mourn his loss, the surviving brother was changed into the bird gyon, and the sister into a cuckoo. And so the gyon calls his brother all night long by his name, "*Gyon, Gyon!*" and the cuckoo in the daytime sings, "*Kou! Kou!*" which means, "Where art thou?"[1] In Elbassan, however, it is also said that the sister was changed into the blue flower, which is called the "cuckoo flower," or "cuckoo's bread," and when a woman finds this flower in the field she sings:

Cuckoo, cuckoo, more than cuckoo,
Saw'st thou me?
Saw I thee?
Saw'st thou thy dear brother, Gyon?
How they slew him like an ox?
Blood a spoonful,
Flesh a cupful;
Give me both thine hands!

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[1] It has occurred to me that the call of "Cuckoo," used by children both in the East and in the West when playing hide-and-seek, may have its origin in some such bird legend.

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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Lorries

494 my calculations, and the fare, for a journey of nearly two days' duration, was after all by no means unreasonable.

The Albanian post lorries are of the familiar military type, and I came across no ambulance waggons like those in which I had suffered such discomfort in Montenegro. There is a good deal of traffic on these roads, not only by post lorries but by other lorries, which also belong to the State. A more or less regular service plies between Santi Quaranta and Koritza, the most important town in Northern Albania, with freight, passengers, and live-stock. I often noticed passengers sitting amongst sheep, lambs, and goats with every appearance of contentment. They did not seem at all incommoded. But in the post lorries, fortunately for me, livestock were not carried.

361 Tepeleni, our first stopping place, was destroyed by an earthquake some years ago and it has never yet been properly rebuilt. At the present time it consists of an irregular 265 street of shanties made of lath and tarred paper. As soon as we arrived the lorry-conductor took me to a restaurant—a [262] lop-sided wooden shack with an earthen floor—where two yokels sat eating maize-bread and yaghourt, and a third man, more opulent, was devouring fried fish with his fingers. [52] Coffee was called for and, despite my protests, paid for by the conductor—little courtesies such as this being the commonplaces of travel in benighted and uncivilised Albania.

505 Beyond Tepeleni a river barred our way. There was a bridge, but it was in ruins like the rest of the village, and the crossing had to be made by a ferry. The roadway on

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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Not only
has it no railways, but the country is so mountainous and the population so small and so scattered that without a considerable subsidy from the State a railway could not be made to pay and is therefore a remote possibility. For this reason it seems likely that Albania will miss the blessings—or escape the degradation (whichever way you prefer to put it)—of industrialism, and remain an agricultural nation.

The town has a few smart-looking European shops, as well as one large semi-wholesale store, but for the rest it resembles other Albanian and Turkish towns with streets of cobblers, streets of blacksmiths, streets devoted to saddle-making, harness-making, rope-making, and so forth—all the various trades being segregated, and carried on in the conditions of confusion, dirt, and squalor which are a legacy from the middle ages. In addition there are many cafés, full from early morning to late at night with men who appear to have nothing better to do than sit there playing cards and backgammon. I commented on this fact and was told that it was a sign of bad times and the very serious economic situation of the moment. For this—as for the similar situation in Montenegro—the practical closure of the United States to immigrants is to a large extent responsible. In the past the States have supported a floating population of 40,000 Albanians to whom their own country offered no prospect of remunerative employment; to-day most of these men are at home with nothing to do.

I was often asked about Australia, and whether some scheme might not be arranged by which entry would be